511

Johannes Patricius
Urichton Stuart
Marchio Bothæ.

House of Falkland.

2116

THE TRAGEDIE of King Richard the third.

Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence; the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death.

As it hath beene lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants.

Newly augmented,

By *William Shake-speare.*

George Steevens.

1612.

* of the Foxe 1612.

LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Mathew Lawe, dwelling in Pauls Church-yard, at the Signe *

This is the identical Play of Richard the Third from which Mr. Steevens copyed his, in the publication of Shakespeare's Quarto's printed in 1766. with all the various readings &c. as done by Mr. Theobald. This copy being one of those belonging to (and collated by) that Gentleman. I bought this curious old Quarto at Mr. Steevens' sale, with an imperfect copy of that printed in 1602.

* As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1602.

This Play has been collated with the following editions.

1598. Tho. Creede for Andrew Wise
1602. Do.
1624 Tho. Purfoot Tho. Purfoot &c
1629. John Norton &c
1634. John Norton &c & another imperfect Copy differing from the rest but without any title Page.

* Differing in the manner of the title page from all the subsequent ones.

Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, solus.

NOw is the winter of discontent, *of our*
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house, *lowr*
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried, *bowels*
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our brused armes hung vp for monuments, *bruised* — 1602.
Our sterne alarums changd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures. *measures* — 1602.
Grim-visagde warre, hath smoothde his wringled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue. *Loue.* — 1602.
But I that am not sharpe for sportiue triekes, *shapte of* — *shapte* 1602.
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampt, and want loues maiestie
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp, *scarce*
And that so lamely and vnfash ionable,
That dogs barke at me as *I* halt by them: *at*
while Why *I* in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since *I* cannot proue a louer
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

A 2 By

The Black notes relate all to the first edition.
The red belong to the Quarto 1602, of which should but a large fragment.

By drunken prophefies, libels and dreames,
To fet my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other,
And if king Edward be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewd vp, *mewed* 1602.
About a prophefie which ſaies that G. *a prophefie* 1602.
Of Edwards heires the murtherer ſhall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Here Clarence comes, *a guard of men.*
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?
Cla. His maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. (pointed
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is George.
Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers: *godfather* 1602.
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent.
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the Tower,
ſhall But what is the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know, for I proteſt *I do*
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of George begins with G, 1602.
It *followes* in his thought that I am he, *followes*
Theſe as I learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that ſends you to the Tower, 1602.
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhee *She*
That *tempts* him to this extremitie: *tempers* *tempt* 1602.
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe Clarence we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man ſecurde *man is* 1602.
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds, *walking* 1602.
That trudge betwixt the king and Miſtreſſe Shoare: *betweene* *Shore:* 1602
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuerie?
Glo. Humble complaining to her deitie, *Humbly* 1602.
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way, *it were*
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuery,
The iealous *oreworne* widow and her ſelfe, *ore-worne*
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie goſſips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me?
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo Euen ſo & pleaſe your worſhip Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the king
Is wiſe and vertuous, and *his* noble Queene *the*
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous,
We ſay that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue naught to do. *hath*
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe Shore. I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one, *nought*
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone. *to*
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband, knaue, wouldſt thou betray me?
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and with all for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare
Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and muſt obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow ſiſter,

I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long. *shal* 1602.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt preforce, farewell. *Exit. Cla.* *perforce.* 1602.
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Haſtings?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
well you are Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thankes,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment,
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall Clarence too,
For *thay* that were your enemies are his, *they* 1602.
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phiſitians feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
ill Oh he hath kept an *euil* diet long, *euill* 1602.
And ouermuch conſumed his royall perſon,
Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Goe you before, and I will follow you, *Exit. Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till George be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen,
Ile *in*to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,

With lyes well ſteeld with weightie arguments, *which* *ſtayle* 1602.
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in:
For then Ile marry Warwicks youngeſt daughter.
What though I *kild* her husband and her father, *kille*
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her which I muſt reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill *breathes*, Edward ſtill *liues* and raignes, *liues* *Liues gouerne* 1602.
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearſe of Harry the 6. *Laydy* 1602.

Lady Anne. Set downe, ſet downe your honourable Lord,
If honour may be ſhrowded in a hearſe
Whileſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaſter.
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy ſlaughtred ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfeſame hands that made theſe holes:
Loe, in thoſe windowes that let foorth thy life,
I powre the helpeleſſe *blame* of my poore eyes. *balme* 1602.
Curſt be the hand that made *the* fatall holes, *theſe*
Curſt be the heart that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.

If euer he haue wife, let her be made *mad:*
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe, *corse* 1602
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by Saint Paul,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.
Gen. My Lord stand backe and let the coffin passe. *My L.* 1602.
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command, *My Lord* ~~smitha~~ *vnmannerly*
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraide? *afeard* 1602.
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell. *Diuel.* 1602.
Auant thou dreadfull minister of hell, *fearefull*
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.
La. Foule diuel, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes, *Cryes,* 1602.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deludge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood madst, reuenge his death: *madest,* 1602.
Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning stricke the murtherer dead. *Strike* 1602.

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
Dost As thou doest swallowe vp this good kings blood, *Swallow* 1602.
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Ladie, you know no rules of charitie, *rule*
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,
La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God nor man: *Villaine,* 1602.
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispare *I* should accuse my selfe.
La. And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didest, vnworthy slaughter vpon others. *Edst* 1602
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloodly faulchion smoking in his blood, *bloody*
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother beat aside the poynt. *my brothers*
Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders. *her*
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.
Didst thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yee. *yea*

La

La. Doest graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if ye will heare me name it. *you*
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till *I* lie with you.
La. *I* hope so.
Glo. *I* know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits, *your*
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So *I* might rest that houre in your sweet bosome. *one*
La. If I thought that, *I* tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes. *their* *thy*
Glo. These eies could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So *I* by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Black night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would *I* were to be reuengde on thee.
Glo. *It* is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you. *reuenged* 1602.
La. *It* is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
that *La.* Why what was hee?
Glo. The selfe same name, but one of better nature.
La. Where is hee? *he?* 1602.
Glo. Heere. *She spitteth at him.* *spittes*
Why doest thou spit at mee? *spit at them?*
La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.
Glo Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place. *Sweet* 1602.
La. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler toade,
vile Out of my sight, thou doest infect my eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes sweet Lady haue infected mine.
La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were, that I might dye at once,
they For now thy kill mee with a liuing death:
Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,
I neuer sued to friend nor enemie, *friends*
My tougue could neuer learne sweete soothing words. *smoothing*
But now thy beautie is proposde my fee:
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake,
my Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome, *in this true* 1602.
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee: *adoreth*
I laie it naked to the deadly stroke: *thy*
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee. *knees*
Nay, do not pawse, twas *I* that kild your husband,
But twas thy beautie that prouoked mee: *me* 1602.
Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Here she let's fall*
thy Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me. *the sword.*
La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue alreadie.

Glo. Tush, that was in the rage: thy
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
my That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessarie.
knowe *La.* I would *I* knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men *I* hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue,
Glo. Look how this ring incompasseth thy finger, Looke 1602.
Euen so thy breast incloseth me poore heart. my 1602.
weare Were both of them, for both of them are thine. 1602.
And if thy poore suppliant may poore deuoted
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse for euer:
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after *I* haue solemnely enterred
At Chertsie Monasterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you: Crosbie 1602.
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Graunt me this boone,
La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and Bartly, goe along with me. Barkly Bartley 1602.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you
Imagine I haue said farewell already. *Exit.* Stand already 1602.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the corse. course
Ser. Towards Chertsie noble Lord?
Glo. No: to White Fryers: there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humor woed? *Exeunt. Manet Glo.*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I haue What I that kild her husband and her father, his
To take her in her hearts extreamest heate: hate
With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes.
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:
Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against me, more 1602
And I nothing to backe my suite withall at all 1602
But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah? to him
Hath she forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord, whom I some three months since
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?
A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:
Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity, all 1602.
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?
My dukedome to be a beggerly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a marualous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a Looking-glasse, charge
And entertaine some score or two of tailors
To studie fashions to adore my bodie, adorn Study 1602.
Since *I* am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with a little cost. some
But first Ile turne you fellow in his graue, you 1602.
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse, brought
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.* Shadow 1602.

Enter Queene, Lord *Riuers and Gray.*

Ri. Haue patience Madame,thers no doubt his maiestie,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill,it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words.
Qu. If he were dead,what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong,and his minoritie
in Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloucester, Richard
A man that loues not me,nor none of you.
It is *Ri.* Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined,not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the king miscarrie. *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue bene.
Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lord of Darby
scarce To your good praiers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby,notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me,be you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
I do *Dar.* I beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slaunders of her accusers, her false
Or if she be accusde in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse,which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sickenesse,and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the king to day my Lord of Darbie?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his maiestie.
with *Qu.* What likelihood of his amendment Lords? 1602.
Buc. Madame,good hope,his grace speakes chearfully. speaketh
Qu. God graunt him health,did you confer with him?
Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And

And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well,but that will neuer be.
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Glocester.*
Glo. They doe me wrong,and I will not indure it. endure 1602.
Who are they that complaines vnto the king?
That I forsooth am sterne and loue them not:
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such dissentious rumors: dissentions
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces,smooth,deceiue,and cog,
Ducke with French nods,and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
his But thus in simple truth must be abusde 1602.
By silken slie insinuating Iackes?
Ri. To whom in all this presence speakes your grace? all omitted
Glo. To thee,that hast nor honestie nor grace. hath no
When haue I iniurd thee,when done thee wrong,
Or thee,or thee,or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish) cast
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints. lewde. 1602.
Qu. Brother of Glocester,you mistake the matter:
The king of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouokt by any suter else,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kinred,brother,and my selfe:
Makes him to send,that thereby he may gather whereby
The ground of your ill will,and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell,the world is growne so bad,
make That Wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.
Qu. Come,come,we know your meaning brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God grant we neuer may haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time,God grant that we haue need of you, grants

Our

Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are daily giuen to enoble those,
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raisde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I never did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest aduocat to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me shamfull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more sir then denying that:
She may help you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What my she not? she may, yea marrie may she.
Riu. What marry may she?
Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had worser match.
Qu. My L. of Gloucester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey seruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.
Enter Qu. Margret.
Q. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I sayd,
I will auouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.
Q. M.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxburie.
Glo. Ere you were queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduersaires,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Riuers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battale at Saint Albons slaine:
Let me put in your mindes if yours forget
What, you haue bene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue bene, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of Gloucester in those busie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. † *Qu. Nar.* As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof,
× *Qu. Mar.* A litle ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioyles.

× These two speeches are omitted in one of the Copies

I can

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that *I* being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you depolde, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?
Qu. M. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The sorrow that *I* haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout,
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.
Dorf. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Q. M. What? were you snarling all before *I* came,
Readie to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauē,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your king?
As ours by murder, to make him a king.

Edward

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glorie, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as *I* see thee now,
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so was thou Lo. Hastings, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
Qu. M. And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt hear me,
If heauen haue any grecuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors while thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilest some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou eluish markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.
Glo. Margaret.
Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.
Qu. Ma. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I cry thee mercie: for I had thought

C 2 Thou

Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu. Mar. Why ſo I did, but lookt for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret,
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe,
Qu. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my fortune:
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade,
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Qu. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu. M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
Obſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Qu. M. Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Qu. M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame if not for charitie.
Qu. M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Marg. O princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our bloud,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the ayre.
Q. M[illegible]lle not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Q. Mar. What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle counſell,
And ſoothe the diuell that I warne thee from?
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore Margaret was a propheteſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand on end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at libertie.
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,

He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Chriſtianlike concluſion.
To pray for them that haue done ſcathe to vs.
Glo. So do I euer being well aduiſde,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Madame his maieſtie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.
Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Ri. Madame, we will attend your Grace. *Exeunt ma. Glo.*
Glo. I do thee wrong, and firſt began to braule,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed haue laid in darkeneſſe:
I do beweepe to many ſimple guls:
Namely to Haſtings, Darby, Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies
That ſtirre the K. againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuengd on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie
With old od ends, ſtolne out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the Diuell.
But ſoft here comes my executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now, my hardy ſtout reſolued mates,
Are ye now going to diſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me.
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But ſirs, be ſudden in the execution:
Withall, obdurate: do not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you mark him,
Exe. Tuſh, feare not, my Lord we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eies drop milſtones, when fooles eies drop teares.
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day?
Cla. Oh, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Gloceſter,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter,
That had befallen vs: as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought that Gloſter ſtumbled, and in ſtumbling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyſe of waters in mine eares,
What vgly ſights of death within mine eyes:
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wracks,
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in ſcorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wade the ſlimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.
Bro. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought I had: for ſtil the enuious flood
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the emptie vaſt and wandring ayre,

But

But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowmed Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht: then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That ſtabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Broken burie, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

There's

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
The murtherers enter.
In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exe. I would ſpeake with Clarence, and I came hither on my
Bro. Yea, are ye ſo briefe? (legs.
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our commiſſion talke no more. *He readeth it.*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there ſits the Duke a ſleepe:
Ile to his Maieſtie and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſignd my place to you,
Exe. Do ſo, it is a poynt of Wiſedome.
2. What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1. No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1. Why then he will ſay we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2 The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kinde of remorſe in me.
1. What, art thou a fraid?
2. Not to kil him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1. Backe to the Duke of Gloſter, tell him ſo.
2. I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel. xx.
1. How dooſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (me.
2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet within
1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1. Where is thy conſcience now?
2. In the Duke of Gloſters purſe.
1, So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out.
2. Let it goe, ther's fewe or none will enteraine it.
1. How if it come to thee againe?

2. Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot ſteale,
weare But it accuſeth him, he cannot ſteale but it checks him:
He cannot lye with his neighbours wife but it detects lie 1602.
shamefull Him, it is a bluſhing ſhamfaſt ſpirit that mutinies 1602.
In a mans boſome: it fils one full of obſtacles,
It made me once reſtore a piece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to truſt
To himſelfe, and to liue without it.
1 Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow perſwading me
Not to kill the Duke.
2 Take the deuill in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would inſinuate with thee to make thee ſigh.
1 Tut, I am ſtrong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.
spoke 2 Stood like a tall fellow that reſpects his reputation, 1602.
Come ſhall we to this geare?
thy 1 Take him ouer the coſtard with the hilts of my ſword,
And then we wil chop him in the Malmſey-but in the next
scoope 2 Oh, excellent deuice, make a ſoppe of him. (roome: 1602.
1 Harke, he ſtirs, ſhall I ſtrike?
2 No, firſt lets reaſon with him. *Cla. awaketh.*
Cla. Where art thou Keeper, giue me a cup of wine.
1 You ſhall haue wine enough, my Lo. anon. Lord
Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?
2 A man, as you are.
Cla. But not as I am, royall.
1 Nor you as we are, loyall.
Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
2 My voyce is now the kings, my lookes mine owne.
Cla. How darkely and how deadly dooſt thou ſpeake? Spake? 1602.
Tell me who are you? wherefore come you hither? came
Am. To, to, to.
Cla. To murther me? *Am.* I.
scarce *Cla.* You ſcarſely haue the hearts to tell me ſo, heart
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it,
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the *King*.
Cla. I ſhall be reconcild to him againe.
2 Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die. Lord
Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To ſlay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the euidence to accuſe me? That do
What lawfull queſt haue giuen their verdict vp hath
Vnto the frowning iudge, or who pronounc'd pronounst 1602.
The bitter ſentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by courſe of law?
To threaten me with death is moſt vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Chriſts deare blood ſhed for our greeuous ſins
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deede you vndertake is damnable.
1 What we will do, we do vpon command.
2 And he that hath commanded is the king. as is
Cla. Erronious vaſſaile, the great King of Kings,
Table Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,
That thou ſhalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then do 1602.
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.
2 And that ſame vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For falſe forſwearing and for murder too?
Thou didſt receiue the holy Sacrament
the To fight in quarrell of the houſe of Lancaſter,
1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Vnripſt the bowels of thy ſoueraignes ſonne.
2 Whom thou wert ſworne to cheriſh and defend.
1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou haſt broke it in ſo deare degree?
Cla. Alas, for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his ſake:
you Why ſirs, he ſends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this ſinne he is as deepe as I.
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course, *lawless*
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
bringing When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
The That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage.
1. Thy brothers loue, the deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
Loe my I am his brother, and I loue him well:
meede If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I, so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided freindship,
Bid Gloucester thinke of this and he will weepe.
Am. I, milstones, as he lessond vs to weepe.
Cla. O, do not slander him for he is kinde,
1. Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hudg me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feelling in thy soule, *feeling* 1602
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
by That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?
Ah sirs consider he that set you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2 What shall we do?
Cla. Relent and saue your soules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish *Diuellish* 1602.
My friend, I spie some pittie in thy lookes:
Oh If thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreate for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?
1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.
2 A bloodie deede, and desperately performd, *Deed* 1602.
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.
1 Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt.* *will* 1602.

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c. *Dorset &c*
King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue *this* vnited league, *the*
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part *to* heauen, *for*
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue,
Hast. So thriue I as I *sweare* the like. *truly sweare*
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Haſt. So proſper *I*, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Kin. And *I*, as *I* loue Haſtings with my heart.
Kin. Madam, your ſelfe are not exempt in this, *is*
Nor your ſonne Dorſet, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly:
Qu. Here Haſtings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt, *Thus*
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And ſo ſweare I my Lord. *ſweare I*
Kin. Now princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league, *vp*
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie. *this*
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt neede to imploy a friend.
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloſter here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.
Enter Gloceſter.
Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue ſpent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne liege, *my moſt*
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne *thought,*
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace, *this.*
Tis death to me to be at enmitie. *'Tis* 1602.
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue.
Firſt Madame, I intreat peace of you, *intreat true.*
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my noble couſen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs.
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that Engliſh man aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded, *ſtrife*
My ſoueraigne liege I do beſeech your Maieſtie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus ſcornde in this royall preſence? *ſcorned* 1602.
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his coarſe.
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord Dorſet as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord, & no one in this preſence, *none* 1602.
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order was reuerſt.
Glo. But he (poore ſoule) by your firſt order dide, *died* 1602.
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried:
God graunt that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deſerue not worſe then wretched Clarence did, *Neerer in blood* 1602.
And yet goe currant from ſuſpition. *Enter Darbie.*

Dar.

Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Dar. I will not rize vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt.
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demaundſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman.
attending Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was thought, naught
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mightie Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me, Capt
armes Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your waighting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd deface
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer, dearest
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you
But for my brother, not a maſt would ſpeake, man
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all one
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence)

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not rashness
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Look't pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*
Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence children.
Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
Dut. No boy. (breaſt?
Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy ſonne?
Girle. Why do you looke on vs and ſhake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, caſtawayes, wretched
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My prettie Coſens, you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him, not your fathers death: now dead
It were loſt labour to weepe for one that's loſt.
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whom *I* will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſde your fathers death.
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Glocester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuiſ'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kiſt my cheeke, arms cheekes
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.
Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.
Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children frō mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?
Girl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward,

Ambo.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. Clarence.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence
Qu. What staie had I but Edward, and he is gone:
Am. What staie had we but Clarence, and he is gone?
Dut. What staies had I but they, and they are gone?
Qu. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.
Am. Was euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?
Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse,
Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,
Their woes are parceld mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so do *I*:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I:
I for an Edward weepe, and so do they,
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest.
Powre all your teares, *I* am your sorrowes nurse,
And *I* will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glostet, with others,*
Glo. Madam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not see your grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Dut. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?
Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our harvest for this King,
We are to reape the harvest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must greatly be preserud, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

Glo.

Glo. Then be it so: and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow,
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waighrie businesse.
Anſ. With all our hearts *Exeunt. manet Glo. Buck.*
Buck. My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince)
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
late As index to the storie we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* *I* promise you, *I* scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
troublous I feare, *I* feare, twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter another Cit.*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good Kings Edwards death?
troublesome 1 It doth. 3. Then masters looke to see a troublous world masters, he
1 No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 *Wo* to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2 *In* him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeeres himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt Henrie
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths olde. xi
3 Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
our For then this land was famously enricht
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For

For emulation now, who shall be neareſt, earnest
wile Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not.
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
And the Queenes kindred hautie and proude,
And were they to be rulde, and not to rule, to omitted
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the woorst, all shall be well.
3 When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth: makes them
men All may be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.
1 Truely the soules of men are full of dread: bread
yea, Ye cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily and full of feare. heavy
time 3 Before the times of change, still is it so: it is
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boy strous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, Ile beare you companie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Lastnight I heard they lay at Northhampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him. growen — 1619. York — 1602
Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
(with almost) Hath almost ouertane him in his growth. his omitted
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why my yong Cousin it is good to grow.
Yor. Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Glo. Glocester
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make haste.

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres hold:
Twas full two yeers ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed.
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath seaz'd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblown, themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood
Selfe against selfe, O prepostrous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Q. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My Gracious Ladie, go.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the sanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soueraigne.
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But looke not on the poyson of their hearts:

God

God keepe you from them,and from such false friends.
Prin God keepe me from false friends,but they were none.
Glo. My Lord,the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.M. God blesse your Grace,with health and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all: Lord
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie,what a slug is Hastings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L.Ha.*
Buck. And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord. L. Hast.
Prin. Welcome my Lord,what,will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes not I:
The Queene your mother,and your brother Yorke
Hath / haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie,what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall,will your Grace
To / Perswade the Queene they send the Duke of Yorke the Mot.
Vnto his princely brother presently?
If she denie,Lord Hastings go with them, him Mot.
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My L. of Buckingham,if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke, to Mot.
Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties,God forbid God in heaven
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
deep / Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.
Buck. You are too senceleese obstinate my Lord, L. Mot.
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
greatnesse / Weigh it but with the grosenesse of this age, his grossenesse &c. alwayes Mot.
You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

Then taking him from thence that is not there, take
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord,you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lord Hastings,will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord. *Exit. Car & Hast.*
Pri. Good Lords make all the speedie hast you
Say Vncle Gloucester,if our brother come, (may.
Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe: seemes
If I may counsel you some day or two, my Mot.
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please & shalbe thought most fit as
For your best health and recreation.
Pri. I do not like the Tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?
Buck. He did,my gracious L. begin that place, Lord
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record,or els reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But say my Lord it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day. attending
Glo. So wise,so yong,they say do neuer liue long:
Prin. What say you Vncle?
Glo. I say,without Characters fame liues long:
That / Thus like the formall vice,iniquitie, that
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour, this
For now he liues in fame,though not in life:
I le tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
Buck. What my gratious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,

Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a king.
Likely *Glo.* Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.
Enter yong Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.
loving dread *Prin.* Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother? Richard
Yor. Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now. Lo: Hast.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dide that might haue kept that title, this died Hast.
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our couſen noble L. of Yorke? Lord
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
over The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord. Lo Hast.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couſen, with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue,
gift And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my coſen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the ſword too it. to Hast.
Glo. I gentle coſen, were it light enough.
Yor. O than I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
heavy *Glo.* It is too weightie for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe that I am litle like an Ape.
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.
Buc. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons,
To mittigate the ſcorne he giue his vncle, gives
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelfe:
So cunning and ſo youg is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelfe and my good couſen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you
Yor. What will you goe vnto the tower my Lord? Lo Hast.
Prin. My Lord Protector will haue it ſo. needs will
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Mary my vncle Clarence angry ghoſt:
My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my L. with a heauie heart Lord
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Haſt. Dorſmanet. Rich. Buc. Hast. Hast. thar
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy, perlous
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well let them reſt: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art ſworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſie matter
To make William L. Haſtings of our minde,
For the inſtalment of this noble Duke,
In the ſeate royall of this famous Ile?
Cateſ. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
Buc. What thinkeſt thou then of Stanley, what will he?

Cat. He will do all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buck. Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord Haſtings how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold diuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord William, tell him Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Caſtle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Miſtreſſe Shore, one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good Catesby effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At Crosby place, there ſhall you find vs both.
Buck. Now my Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord Haſtings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſome what we will do,
And looke when I am King claime thou of me
The Earledome of Herford and the mouueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buc, Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the doore?
Meſ. A meſſenger from the L. Stanley. *Enter L. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

First he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night the Beare had caſte his helme:
Beſides he ſayes, there are two councels held,
And that may be determind at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know your Lorſhids pleaſure
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:
Bid him not feare the ſeparated councels:
His Honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other is my ſeruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockerie of vnquiet ſlumbers.
To flye the Boare before the Boare purſue vs,
Were to incenſe the Boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe.
Go, bid thy maſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the Boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſ. My gracious Lord, Ile tell him what you ſay. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to L. Haſtings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow Catesby: you are early ſtirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,
And I beleeue twill neuer ſtand vpright
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.
Haſt. Who? weare the Garland? do eſt thou meane the (Crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoulders
Ere I will ſee the Crowne ſo foule miſplaſte:
But canſt thou geſſe that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L, and hopes to finde you forward

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes, *this*
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent, *maſters*
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out *it falls*
With Riuers, *Vaughan*, Gray: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men els, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.
Enter Lord Stanley.
What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the *B*oare and goe ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as *I* am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

and they And indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
*B*ut yet you ſee how ſoone the day orecaſt,
This ſudden ſcab of rancor *I* miſdoubt,
Pray God, *I* ſay, *I* proue a needleſſe coward,
*B*ut come my L ſhall we to the Tower? *Lord*
Ha.. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes?
talkt This day thoſe men you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then ſome that haue accuſde them weare their hat: *hats*
*B*ut come my L let vs away. ×*Exit L. Standley, & Cat.*
Ha. Go you before, Ile follow preſently. × *This exit is not marked in the firſt edition.*
Haſte *Enter Haſtings a Purſuant.*
Haſt. Well met Haſtings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your good Lordſhip to aſk. *good omitt.*
Haſt. *I* tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when *I* met thee laſt where now we meete:
Then was *I* going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.
Haſt. Gramercy Haſtings, hold ſpend thou that.
He giues him his purſe.
Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Prieſt.*
Haſt. What ſir *I*ohn, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your laſt dayes execiſe:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whiſperrs*
Enter Buckingham. (*in his eare.*
Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Prieſt: (prieſt?
Your Honour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when *I* met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
Buc. *I* do, but long *I* ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Tis like enough, for *I* ſtay dinner there.
Buc. And ſupper too, although thou knowſt it not:

Come shall we goe along? *

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood suckers.

Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret. Oh thou bloudie prison,
Fatall and ominious to noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curse is falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

Ri. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I gueese a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Bi Why you my Lo: methinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine.

* *Exeunt* Lord

Lord Hastings, you and he are neare in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice,
Which I presume he will take in gentle part.

Bish. Now in good time here comes the Duke him selfe.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble L. and cousens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a sleeper, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the king.

Glo. Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Bish. My Lord.

Glo When I was last in Holborne,
I sawe good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testy gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex- Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elie.

Bi. Where is my L. Protector, I haue sent for these strawberries. (berries.

Haſt. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart preceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his face.
Dar. I Pray God he be not, *I* ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. *I* pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
*V*pon my bodie with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue *I* beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how *I* am bewitcht, behold mine arme
*I*s like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
*T*his is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore,
*T*hat by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. *I*f they haue done this thing my gratious Lord.
Glo. *I*f, thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
*T*elſt thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day *I* ſweare,
*V*ntill *I* ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
*T*he reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Ha. *W*o wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca.with Haſt.*
For *I* too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But *I* diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
*T*hree times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the *T*ower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were burcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curſe
Is lighted on poore Haſtings wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner;
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
*W*ho builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come coſen, canſt thou quake & change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maior.
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So deare *I* lou'd the man, that *I* must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, wert not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocester.
Mayor. What, had he so?
Glo. What thinke ye we are Turks or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.
Clo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends
Some what against our meaning haue peruented,
Because my Lord, wee would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same

Vnto the Cittizens, who happily may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.
Ma. My good L. your Graces word shall serue,
As well as I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this cause.
Glo. And to that end we wisht your Lordship,
To auoid the carping censures of the world. (here,
Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.
Glo. After, after, Cousen Buckingham. *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meetst aduantage of the time,
Inferre the basterdy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And bestiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or rauage heart,
Without controll listed to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiate Edward, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had warres in France,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my Lord, my brother liues.
Buc. Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my selfe.
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied

With reuerend fathers and graue learned Bishops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth and so my Lord farwell. *(Ex. Buc.*
Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engross'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued Lord Hastings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizenes are mumme, and speake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the Bastardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and noblenesse of minde:
Layd open all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't, or slieghtly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bad them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. And, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them: (lence?
And askt the Mayor what meant this wilfull si-
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King Richard:
Thankes louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedome and your loues to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, would they not
Buc. No by my troth my Lord. (speake?
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?
Buc. The Maior is heere: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie suite:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue.
Buc. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby, what sayes he?
Cat. My Lord he doth entreat your Grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day:

He

He is within with two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord again,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome cõference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraigntie thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What ſayes your Lord?
Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troupes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfeſt loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Biſhops aloft.
Maior. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince:
To ſtay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

Famous Plantagenet, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my requeſt,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch apologie,
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.
Glo. I do ſuſpect, I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeeme diſgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my Lord: would it pleaſe your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Elſe wherfore breath I in a Chriſtian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you reſigne
The ſupreame Seate, the Throne maieſticall,
The Sceptred office of your Aunceſtors,
The lineall glory of your royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht ſtocke:
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countryes good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with ſcars of infamie,
And almoſt ſhouldred in this ſwallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulneſſe and darke obliuion:
Which to recure we heartily ſolicite
Your Gracious ſelfe to take on you the ſoueraigntie thereof,
Not as Protector, Steward, Subſtitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as ſucceſſiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this conſorted with the Citizens,
Your worſhipfull and very louing freinds,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſute come I to moue your Grace.

shether *Glo.* I know not whither to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
fits Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
ripe As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me, *of*
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiestie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would lay on me: *lay omitted*
The right and fortune of his happie starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For first he was contract to Lady *Lucy*, *contracted*
Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
And afterward by substitute betrothed
To *Bona*, sister to the king of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made prise and purchase of his lustfull eye,
rice *duce* Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

To base declension and loathd bigamie, *and omitted* *loathed*
this By her in his vnlawfull bed he got,
This *Edward*, whom our maners terme the prince:
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie?
If not to bleese vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of abusing time, *a busy*
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suite.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape those cares on me, *should*
I am vnfit for state and dignitie:
I do beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
equally And egally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suite or no, *except*
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you, *I.*
Come Citizens, zounds Ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.
Cat. Call them again, my L. and accept their suite. *Lord*
Ano. Do, good my Lord, least all the land do rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats, *intents*
Albeit against my conscience and my soule,
Cosen of Buckingham, and you sage graue men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue pacience to endure the loade,
But if blacke scandale or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.
Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
May. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle freinds. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marquos Dorset at one doore, Dutchesse of Glocester at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs heere, my Neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?
Dut. Glo No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter all togither.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me:

I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will see them.
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I do beseech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it.

Enter Lord Standly.

Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I sound
With this dead liking newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominious to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, goe crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Leaste thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.
Dut. Yor. O ill dispearsing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haste was sent for.
Duch. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the idclusiue verge
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,

Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well walht from his hands, *the blood was scarce*
Which iſſued from my other angel husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſteepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more thē from my ſoule I mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Dut. Glo. A due poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Du Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie olde yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Coſen of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth his throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King Richard ſeated:
But ſhall we weare theſe honours for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they laſt.
King. Ri. O Buckingham, now I do play the touch, *do I*
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would ſay.
Buc. Say on my gratious ſoueraigne.
King. Why Buckingham, I ſay I would be King.
Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice renowmed liege.
King. Ha: am I King? tis ſo, but Edward liues.
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſequence,
That Edward ſtill ſhould liue true noble Prince.
Coſen, thou wert not wont to be ſo dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddenly performde.
What ſaiſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe.
Buc. Your Grace may do your pleaſure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindneſſe freezeth,
Say, haue I thy conſent that they ſhall die?
Buc. Giue me ſome breath, ſome litle pauſe my Lord, *some little pause omitted*
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your Grace immediatly.
Cat. The King is angry, ſee, he bites the lip. *his*
King. I will conuerſe with iron witted fooles, *witty*
And vnreſpectiue boyes, none are for me
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes:
Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumſpect.
My lord *Boy.* Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?
Ente Darby.
How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where
he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon.
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.
Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir

Tir. Proue me my gracious saueraigne.
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, *I* meane those bastards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone *I*le rid you from the feare of them.
King. Thou singst sweete musicke. Come hither Tirrill.
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare. *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee Tirrel, ere we sleepe?
Enter Buckingham.
Tir. Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My Lord, *I* haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
King. Well, let that Passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. Stanly he is your wiues sonne: *W*el looke too it.
Buc. My Lord, *I* claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promised *I* should possesse.
King. Stanly looke to your wife, if she conuey Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my iust demaund?
King. As I remember, *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord.
King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, *I* being by, that *I* should kill him.
Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldome.
King. Richmond, when last *I* was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I ſtarted,
Becauſe a Bard of Ireland told me once
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw Richmond.
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.
King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and begone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forreſt whom I did ſubborne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villains, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forreſt girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of prairs on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But O the diuel! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tydings to the bloudy king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell, am I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Begets your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me Tirrell ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit. Tirrell.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery,

Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue's Ioue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines slilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wterched Margaret, who comes here.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
Flower My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets, sweet
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
above Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
Harry *Qu. Mar.* When holy *Mary*, dide, and my sweet sonne.
Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghost,
Woes scoane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
thy, their Rest they vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well affoord a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholy seate,
Then would *I* hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath any cause to mourne but *I*?

Dut.

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute & dumbe,
Edward Plantagenent, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. If auncient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too, and thou holpst to kill him. and omitted
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, till Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods, blood
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graues, chase
O vpright iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre for
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.
make *Dut.* O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee. thine
Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaugham, Gray,
Vntimely smothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,

 Onely

Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand, at hand omitted
Ensues his pitteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didst prophecie the time would come
That *I* should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toade. bunch
Q. Mar. *I* cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what *I* was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
are *W*here be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
*W*ho sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
*W*here be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
*W*here be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
me And left thee but a very prey to time,
sort Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now

Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.
Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbeare to sleep the night, and fast the day,
deaths Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse, cause worser
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. Ma. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit. Mar.*
Qu. Windie atturnies to your client woes,
Aierie succeeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart
at omitted Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
Dut. If so, then be not toong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothred: two sweet
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.
Hast *Qu.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Dut.

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarêce?
And litle Ned Plantaget, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my sonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.
King. And briefe good mother, for I am in haste.
Dut. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A grecuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious: *
Thy age confirmd, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac'st me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gratious in your sight, *disgracious grieuous*
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

* *Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold & venturous.*

Which

Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the litle soules of Edwards children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, bloudy will by thy end, *and bloody be*
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue?
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as false to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vn scard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.
Q. To saue her life, ile say she is not so.
King. Her life is only safest in her birth.
Qu. And only in that safetie died her brothers.
King. Lo at their births good stars were opposite. *are*
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.
Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes destiny,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
Ki. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile armes,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd. *and*
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.

Qu.

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee,
Qu. Be briefe, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
K. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.
Q. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue *I* do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, how should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. *I*, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?
Qu. How canst thou wooe her?
King. That I would, learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steept in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vncle Clarence,

Her vncle Riuers, yea, and for her sake
Madest quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not, be Richard that hath done all this.
King. *I*nferre faire Englands peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.
King. Say that the king which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the kings kingforbid.
King. Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King. Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.
Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraingtie,
King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainely told.
King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my loueing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.
King. Madame, your reasons are too shallow & too quick.
Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
* Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.
King Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophand, dishonord, and the third vsurped.
King. I sweare by nothing.
Qu By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath lost his holy honour:
The Garter blemisht, pawnd his knightly vertue:
The Crowne vsurpt, disgrac't his kingly dignitie,
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.
King. Now, by the world.

* This line in the first copy is giuen to K. Rich.

Qu Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
life *Qu*. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt. misused
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow, my
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
the Hereafter time for time, by thee paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred,
in Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with their age. her
The parents liue whoſe children thou haſt butcherd,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
King. As I entend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
tender I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
desolate Sad deſolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:

Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deſerts, but what I will deſerue:
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh fond in great deſignes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe to be my ſelfe?
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance wrong your ſelfe.
Qu. But thou didſt kill my children.
Kin. But in your daughters wombe, Ile burie them, I burie
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie there ſhall breed, they
Selfes of themſelues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall *I* go win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother by the deed. in
Qu. I go, write to me very ſhortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kiſſe: farewell. *Exit Qu*.
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. *Enter Rat*.
Rat. My gracious ſoueraigne, on the Weſterne coaſt,
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayd,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a ſhore.
King. Some light foote friend, poſt to the Duke of Norff. Norfolke
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or Catesby, where is he?
Cat. Heere my Lord.
Kin. Flie to the Duke: poſt thou to Salisbury,
When thou comeſt there: dull vnmindfull villaine
Why ſtandſt thou ſtill, and goeſt not to the Duke?
Cat. Firſt mightie ſoueraigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace I ſhall deliuer him. them
King. O true, good Catesbie, bid him leuie ſtraight,
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meete me preſently at Salisburie.
Rat. What it is your highnes pleaſure I ſhal do at Salisbury
Shouldeſt *King*. Why what wouldſt thou do there before I go?

Rat, Your Highneſſe told me I ſhould poſt before.
King. My minde is changd ſir, my minde is changd,
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing
Nor none ſo bad but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why dooſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou mayſt tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
Dar, Richmond is on the ſeas-
King. There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mighty ſoueraigne but by gueſſe.
King. Well ſir, as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe. *as ye omitted*
Da. Sturd vp by Dorſet, Buckingham and Elie.
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the Chayre emptie? is the ſword vnſwaid?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me what doth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege, *I* cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuoult, and flie to him *I* feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beate him backe? *now them*
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhippes.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friendr are in the North.
King. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their ſoueraigne in the Weſt,
Dar. They haue not bin commanded mightie ſoueraigne
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
King. *I*, I, thou wouldſt be gone to ioine with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
Dar. moſt mightie ſoueraigne,

You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be falſe.
Kin. Well, go muſter men: but heare you, leaue behinde *thy men*
Your ſonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme:
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit. Dar.*
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Gracious ſoueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many mo confiderates, are in armes.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and ſtill their power increaſeth.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.
He ſtriketh him.
King. Out on you owles, nothing but ſonges of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.
Meſ. Your Grace miſtakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by ſudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is diſperſt and ſcattered,
And he himſelfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercie, I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?
Meſ. Such proclamatiõ hath bin made my liege.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorſet,
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittaine Nauie is diſperſt, Richmond in Dorſhire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the ſhore,
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no:
Who anſwered him they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting them,
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Brittaine.

King.

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
bare Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.
Enter Catesby.
Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
newes Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.
King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. × Exeunt
Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.
Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chri. At Pembrooke, or at Herford-west in Wales.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
S. Chri. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowmed souldier,
Syr Gilbet Talbot, sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembrooke, sir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
thy *Dar.* Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*
Enter Buckingham to execution.
Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaugham, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice.

If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is Allsoules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then Allsoules day, is my bodies doomesday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies: and
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
is This, this Allsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respit of my wrongs: desprite
that That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doeth he force the sowrd of wicked men
To turne their points on their maisters bosome: their owne
Now Margarets curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.
Rich. Fellowe in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And here receiue we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your sommer field, and fruitfull vines, fields
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine bowrne
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
cheerly In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace.

By this one bloudie trial of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare, *what*
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings. × *Exit*
Enter K Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.
King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bosworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King Norffolke, come hither:
Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord,
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why our battalion trebels that account,
that a Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt.*
Enter Richmond with the Lords.
Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seate, *iete*
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest-
Where is Lord Stanly quarterd, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much.

Which well I am assur'd I haue not done
His regiment lies halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the king.
Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needful scrowle.
Blunt Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
Rich. Farewell good Blunt,
Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.
Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesly
King. What is a clocke?
Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper time,
King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke & paper,
What, is my beuer easier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent.
Cat. It is my liege, and all things are in readinesse,
King Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesbie.
Cat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
To Stanelys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun rising, least his sonne George fall
Into the blinde caue of eternall night,
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heauy Ratliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saw'st thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,
like Much about Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe

Went through the armie cheering vp the ſouldiers.
King. So *I* am ſatisfied; giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
cleare Nor cheare of minde that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, Is Inke and paper readie?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
midst Ratcliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me *I* ſay. *Exit Ratliffe.*
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother? *loving*
Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as *I* may, that which I would *I* cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide *I* may not be too forward,
Leſt being ſeene, thy brother tender George *tender brother*
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundered friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed weell.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When *I* ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine *I* account my ſelfe,

Looke on my forces with a gracious eye: *thy eyes*
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victorie, *the*
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Eere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill.
Enter the ghoſt of prince Ed. ſonne to Henry the ſixt. *of young*
Ghoſt to K. Ri. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At Teukesbury: diſpaire therefore and die. *therefore omitted*
To Rich. Be cheerefull Richmond, for the wronged ſoules
Of butchred Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.
Gho. to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes, *deadly*
Thinke on the Tower, and me: diſpaire and die.
Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhouldeſt be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and flouriſh.
Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Thou offſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flouriſh.
Enter the Ghoſt of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.
Riu. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret, diſpaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaugham, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.

All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome, Richard.
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings, dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Gho. to K. R. Dreame on thy cousins smoothred in the
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard, (Tower, Lead
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was *I* that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.

O coward conscience, how dooest thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight: now
Cold fearefull drops stands on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I: and
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Lest I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe? hath
O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the highest degree, Perjurie, Perjurie
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie. Boare all omitted
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that *I* murthred
Came all to my tent, and euery one did threat all omitted
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis *I*: the early village cocke
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What think'st thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night

Haue

Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in proofe,and led by ſhallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day,come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the eweſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercy Lords,and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard here.
Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe,and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules,whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent,and cried on victorie:
I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme,and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid,louing countrymen, (*His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, (*his ſouldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon,yet remember this,
God,and our good cauſe,fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes,ſtand before our faces;
Richard except,thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne,then him they follow:
For,what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudy tyrant,and a homicide.
One raiſde in bloud,and one in bloud eſtabliſhed:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him:
A baſe foule ſtone,made precious by the foile
Of Englands chaire,where he is falſly ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his ſouldiers:
If you do ſweare to put a tyrant downe,

You ſleepe in peace,the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you do fight againſt your countries foes,
Your countries fat,ſhall pay your paines the hire.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerors:
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your ſtandards,draw your willing ſwords
For me,the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corpes on the earths cold face: * *The rest of this play was wanting in the Copy printed in 1598. a leaf being torn off.*
But if I thriue,the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof,
Sound drums and trumpets boldly,and cheerfully,
God,and Saint George, Richmond,and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What ſaid Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.
King. He ſaid the truth,and what ſaid Surrey then.
Rat. He ſmiled and ſaid,the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there. *The clocke ſtriketh.*
Giue me a Kalendre,who ſaw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine,for by the booke
He ſhould haue brau'd the Eaſt an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to ſome bodie Rat. *Rat omitted*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be ſeene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would theſe deawie teares were from the ground,
Not ſhine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? for the ſelfe-ſame heauen
That frownes on me lookes ſadly vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Nor. Arme,arme,my Lord,the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come,buſtle,buſtle,capariſon my horſe,
Call vp Lord Stanly,bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my ſouldiers to the pleaine,

And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawne in length, *out all in*
Consisting equally of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
*I*ohn Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Not. *Norfolke*
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
Iockey of Norffolke be not so bold, *to*
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemie,
Goe Gentelemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
so but Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe *our words*
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to his Armie.*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall, *in*
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
*A*scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their oreclo yed country vomits forth
*T*o desperate aduentures & assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest: *to you*
You hauing lands, & blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,

for want of meanes poore rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquere vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lye with our wiues? *Land*
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Right Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
*W*hat saies Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth denie to come.
King. Off with his sonne Georges head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile, let George Stanley die.
A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
King. Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our auncient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpes.
Alarum excursions, Enter Catesbie.
Cat. Rescew my Lord of Norfolke, rescew, rescew
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*
Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.
Kin. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the crowne, with other Lords. *&c
Ri. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee,

Loe here this long vſurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
it enjoy it, Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is young George Stanley liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leſter Towne,
Whither if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Water Lord Ferris, ſir Robert Brokenbury, & ſir William Brandon.
Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the ſouldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the white roſe and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and ſayes not Amen?
England hath long bene madde, and ſcard her ſelfe,
The brother blindly ſhed the brothers bloud,
The father raſhly ſlaughtered his owne ſonne,
The ſonne compeld, bene butcher to the ſire, father
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided in their dire diuiſion.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royall houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if they will be ſo) thy
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-faſte peace,
With ſmiling plentie, and faire proſperous dayes.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloudie daies againe,
And make poore England weepe in ſtreames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taſte this lands encreaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are ſtopt, peace liues againe,
That ſhe may long liue heare, God ſay Amen.

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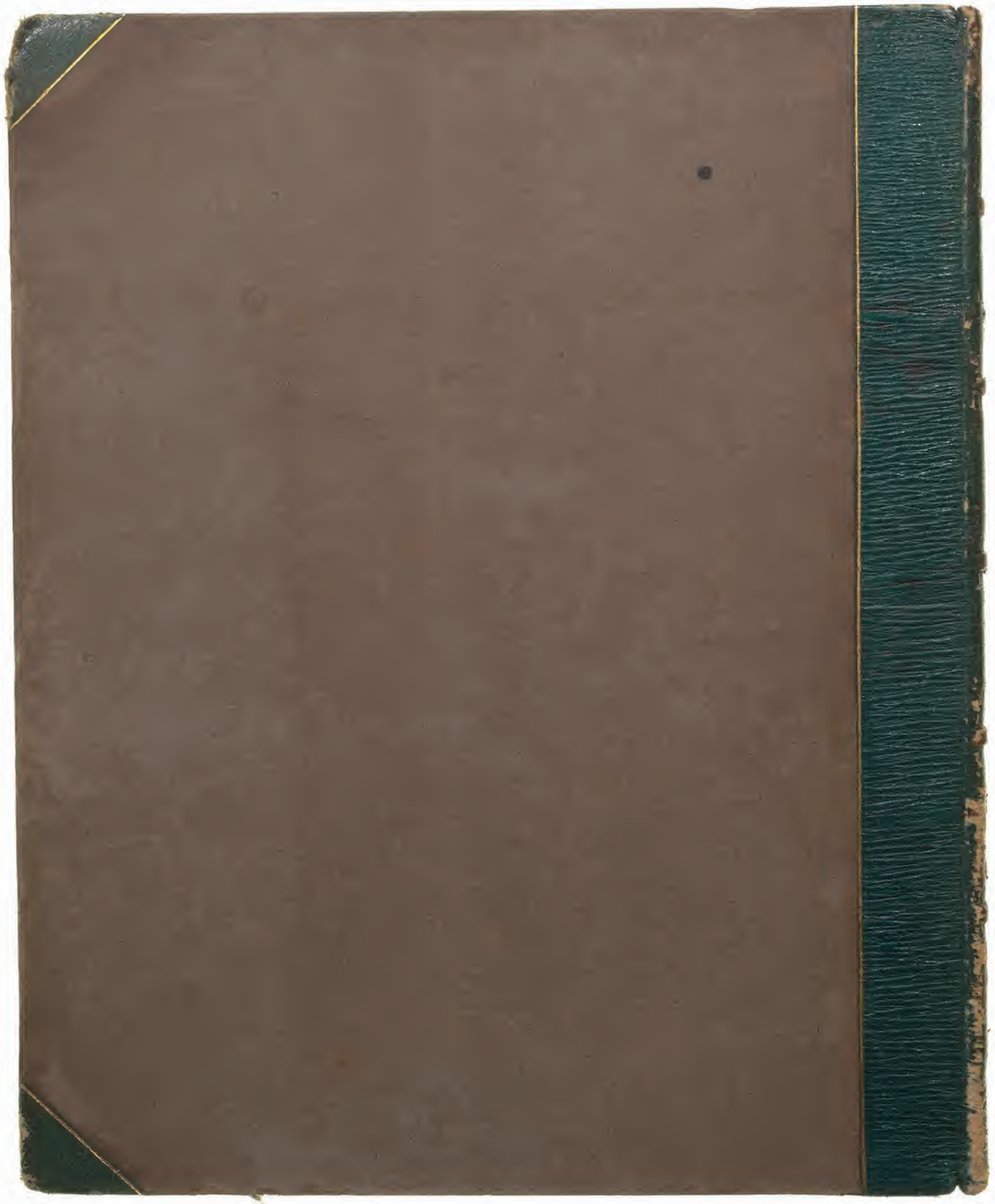

KING
RICHARD
THE III.
WM